

The Star of Pascagoula.

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COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE

A TRUE LOVE STORY.

"Now this is what I call comfort," said Midge Harley as she sat down by her neighbor's fire one evening.

"Here you are at your sewing, with the kettle steaming on the hob, and the tea-things on the table, expecting every minute to hear your husband's step, and see his kind face look in at the door. Ah! if my husband were like your's, Janet!"

"He is like mine in many of his ways," said Janet, with a smile, "and if you will allow me to speak plainly, he would be still more so if you took pains to make him comfortable."

"What do you mean?" cried Midge. "My husband is as close as your's; I mend my husband's clothes, and cook his dinner as carefully as any woman in the parish, and yet he never stays at home in the evening, whilst you sit here by your cheerful fire after night as happy as can be."

"A happy as can be on earth," said her friend gravely. "Yes, and shall I tell you the secret of it, Midge?"

"I wish you would," said Midge with a deep sigh. "It's misery to live as I do now."

"Well then," said Janet, speaking slowly and distinctly. "I let my husband see that I love him still, and that I learn every day to love him more. Love is the claim that binds him to his home. The world may think it folly, but the world is not my law giver."

"And do you really think," exclaimed Midge in surprise, "that husbands care for that sort of thing?"

"For love do you mean?" asked Janet.

"Yes, they don't feel at all as we do, Janet, and it don't take many years of married life to make them think of a wife as sort of maid-of-all-work."

"A libel, Midge," said Mrs. Maton, laughing; "I won't allow you to sit in William's chair if you talk so."

"No, because your husband is different and values his wife's love, while John cares for me only as his housekeeper."

"I don't think that," said Janet, "although I know that he said to my husband the other day that courtship time was the happiest of a man's life. William reminded him that there is greater happiness than that, even on earth, if men men but give their hearts to Christ. I know John did not alter his opinion, but he went away still thinking of his courtship time as of a joy too great to be exceeded."

"Dear fellow," cried Midge, smiling through her tears, "I do believe he was happy then. I remember I used to listen for his steps as I sat with my dear mother by the fire long for the happiness of seeing him."

"Just so," said Janet, "do you ever feel like that now?"

Midge hesitated. "Well, no, not exactly."

"And why not?"

"I don't know," said Midge; "married people give up that sort of thing."

"Love do you mean?" asked Janet.

"No, but what people call being sentimental," said Mrs. Harley.

"Longing to see your husband is a proper sentiment," replied Janet.

"But some people are ridiculously foolish before others," reasoned Midge.

"That proves they want sense. I am not likely to approve of that, as William would never tell you; all I want is that wives should let their husbands know they are still loved."

"But men are so vain," said Midge "that it is dangerous to show them much affection."

Her friend looked up. "Oh Midge what are you saying? Have you then married with the notion that it is not good for John to believe you love him?"

"No, but it is not wise to show that you care too much for them."

"Say I and him; do not talk of husbands in general, but of yours in particular."

"He thinks quite enough of himself already, I assure you."

"Dear Midge," said Janet, smiling "would it do you any harm to receive a little more attention from your husband?"

"Of course not. I wish he'd try."

Anchoring 'a Steamer Eight Days in Mid-Ocean.

A passenger by the Pacific Mail steamship China, which arrived at San Francisco on the 15th ult., after a delay which caused a great deal of anxiety, has furnished the following narrative of the voyage to the Morning Call, of that city:

"The steamer left Hong Kong on the 27th of November last. She touched at Yokohama, Japan, and left there on the 8th of December at noon. She was very deeply laden, and proceeded safely until December 19. At 4:30 the engine broke down, and she stopped, in latitude 30 degs. 14m. north, longitude 175 degs. 50m. west; the weather being nearly calm, the ship was for a while kept before the wind, and finally laid to. The wheels were lashed, the fire tanked, steam was blown off, and the machinery allowed time to cool, after which the cylinder head was raised and a thorough examination was made by Mr. Ojeda, the chief engineer, who reported that the thread of the screw by which the piston-rod was secured vertically into the piston had been torn away, and the injury could only be repaired by drilling a hole through the piston-rod and that portion of the nut next above the cylinder, and by making and inserting through it a large iron key at right angles, thus firmly securing the rod to the piston. The true condition of the damage having been fully ascertained, the chief engineer drew his working plans and figured the amount of time and labor necessary. He reported that eight days and nights would be required to fully effect the repairs, as many of the tools necessary would have to be manufactured on board. With these, and the spare tools usually furnished to steamers for use aloft, 270 cubic inches of iron were to be drilled out, and the gigantic size of the machinery rendered the task a formidable one to accomplish at sea."

The fire in the main boilers were extinguished, and the vessel anchored to a patent drag, with a couple of hundred fathoms of cable attached, in which condition she lay to nearly eight days, drifting about, nearly in a circle, with variable winds, which at one time blew quick fresh from the eastward, and forced the steamer within 120 miles of Brooks's Midway Island, where the Pacific Mail Steamship Company have erected buildings and keep a supply of coal and provisions, placed there as a port of refuge, for use in case of necessity. On the 27th of December, just seven days and twenty-three hours, or one hour before promised, the giant beam bowled towards the east, the wheels turned over, and the China, then seventy-three miles northward of the position in which she broke down, moved on towards California.

TIME TO CUT TIMBER.—Dr. Harting, who has made numerous experiments to determine the point, states that March and April are the best months in which to cut timber for building purposes, as it then contains its lowest per cent. of moisture, which he states to be 47 per cent. During the three previous months it has 51 per cent. and in the three following ones 48. He further states that properly seasoned timber should not contain more than 20 to 25 per cent. of moisture, and never less than 10 per cent. If the moisture is removed to a still greater extent the wood loses its strength and becomes brittle. An English authority states that if trees are felled as soon as they are in full leaf, and allowed to remain undisturbed until the leaves dry up and fall off, the timber will be found well seasoned, the leaves having exhausted all the moisture in the wood.

—[Boston Lumber Trade.

CHURCH ORGAN OR PIANO.—Parties desiring to purchase a Piano or Church Organ will find it to their interest to address the Star Office, as we are willing to make liberal discount on the Agent's published prices.

N. B. As we learn that some persons have supposed that it is a second-hand piano we wish to dispose of, we desire to state that we have no such piano or church organ to sell, but that they are BRAND NEW; now at the Saleroom in Mobile and subject to our order.

Masquerade balls all the rage in St. Louis.

Pope Pius IX is 82 years old, and has reigned 27 1/2 years.

From the other World.

THE STORY OF A MARRIED MURDERER AND HIS WIFE'S ATTEMPT TO REDEEM HIM.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

About three weeks ago an account of a murder near Hickport, Muhlenburg county, Kentucky, appeared in the Courier-Journal. Dudley White, colored, killed a white man on the road near Richmond mine, opposite the house of Mr. Theo. Yount. The negro was promptly arrested and imprisoned. A few nights after the murder, White was taken from the Greenville jail by a band of men and hanged. A correspondent writes with a great deal of earnestness, accompanied with evident alarm, that the spirits of both the executed murderer and his victim make regular and oft-repeated visits to the scene of the bloody tragedy. A few nights ago, according to the writer, a couple of young men lying in the neighborhood rode by the house of the murderer, and they relate that just as they were passing the place, Dudley came out from the yard, looking "as natural as life" and walked between their horses, keeping company with them for some distance, frequently changing his position, sometimes walking around and under their horses. On their return by the same road, they again saw the apparition. And it acted as before. When the negro was found hanging to a limb, the next day after his execution, he was taken down and "laid out" in an old house near by. It is said that he is now often seen at this house, passing up and down stairs and moving about in a restless and mysterious manner. Mr. Yount, who is said to be one of the most reliable and respectable gentlemen in the neighborhood, has often seen the murdered white man near his house. The ghostly visitor is generally seen walking about the road near Mr. Yount's house passing at intervals of every few minutes the spot of ground upon which he was murdered. Mr. Yount has become greatly annoyed by these ghostly visits, and is it is said talking of moving from the neighborhood. The affair has created a great sensation in that section of the country, and especially among the blacks, who are quite numerous in the immediate neighborhood of the murder.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALES.—It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, a tavern, or the pit of a theater. All amusement of youth to which virtuous woman are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a true picture is hardly ever tired of water, sancey, and brown bread and butter; I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated kindly woman about her girl Fanny, or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from women's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit of great good to your moral men, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out, we prefer ourselves, and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

—[Thackeray.

A man in Fayette county, Penn., read in an almanac that his feet could be kept warm by lining his boots with Cayenne pepper. He don't feel much like walking, now, but he says he would like to find the man who put that in the almanac.

Patil sang at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, and her sweet voice charmed the royal crowd.

An Indiana Romance.

From the Terre Haute Express.

And couldn't find it in that light, she didn't want to marry him, and he was bound she should. They both lived a couple of miles from the city and near neighbors. His refusal to listen to his suitor, and he grew desperate. So he went off to the West, and while out there persuaded a friend to write a letter saying that he was dead, and asking, as his dying request, that the night, if she ever went out that way, to stop for a moment and look at a weed or pebble on a flower only a lonely grave.

This was tender, but it didn't take worth a cent, and she wrote back a letter to the friend saying that if he had any consideration, by her feelings at all to send her the dead lover's watch and chain, his money, and all his valuables. To carry out his plan, the dead man sent, boxes his brass jewelry and other effects, and she immediately proceeded to do the trick and start to singing school with the chosen "feller" of her heart.

On their way back home the pair were startled by the apparition of the lost lover, clad in ghostly white, but with the old lineaments intact. The young man fled, but the girl stood still, and putting up a paw which resembled an elephant's foot, naively inquired if the ghost wanted to be kicked to death by a mule. To which his ghostship replied: "Lord! Lord! Jeremiah, how I come all the way home to find you false?" "You bet," replied the fair one, laughing heartily, for she had discovered that it was really the person of her dead lover.

The fellow had played a nice game, and had followed his goods and chattels back to the land of his nativity very quickly. The damsel was so disgusted with the other fellow for running at sight of the ghost that she immediately began preparations to marry the ghost.

Splendor of Official Life in Washington.

Correspondence of the Hartford Times.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The reception at Secretary Belknap's was one of the finest, if not the finest of the season. Mrs. Belknap herself is the most beautiful woman in Washington—at least so far as I have seen. She is a brunette, with a brilliantly fresh complexion, and soft, speaking eyes. Her form is perfect, and so is her dress; but I cannot go into detail. I only know that it left a general impression of harmony and good taste. Mrs. Belknap is said to have the most exquisite taste of any woman in Washington.

Her mansion is in faultless taste with its crimson and gold paper hangings, its Turkey velvet and Persian carpets, its ottomans and sofas in crimson and blue satin, its chairs of various styles—some with backs of gilded bars (tell the printer not to get that "gilded brass"), its inlaid mosaic tables, its heavy stain curtains, its crystal chandeliers, its Sevres clocks and vases, and many other things I can't recall, going to make up a scene of exquisite refinement and taste, where were blended the odors of rare flowers scattered everywhere.

In the dining room we sat down for a little refreshment, for we could not resist the temptation of a cup of coffee in the exquisite little sea-green and white China cups, with their tiny gold spoons.

A CONFIDENTIAL DRINK.—We find the following good story in an exchange:

Confidential.—We hear a good story of a man who went to the frontier to see a friend. The family consisted of the husband and his two grown sons. The good old lady was the only one of the family who did not take a little of the "Oh be joyful." Sitting by the fire a few minutes, the old man tipped him a wink, and the visitor followed him out. Stopping by a tree, he pulled out a long-necked bottle remarking, "I have to keep it hid, for the boys may get to drinking and the old woman would raise the deuce." They took a drink and returned to the fireside. Soon Tom, the elder son, asked the visitor out to see a colt, and taking him behind the barn, pulled out a flask, remarking, "I have to keep this hid, for the old man will get drunk, and the deuce is to play," and they both took a drink and returned. Soon Bob stepped on the visitor's toes and walked off, the visitor following. As they reached the pigpen, Bob drew out a good-sized bottle, remarking "You know the old man and Tom will get drunk, and I have to hide this." The visitor concluded he could not drink confidentially with the whole family, and started for home.

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